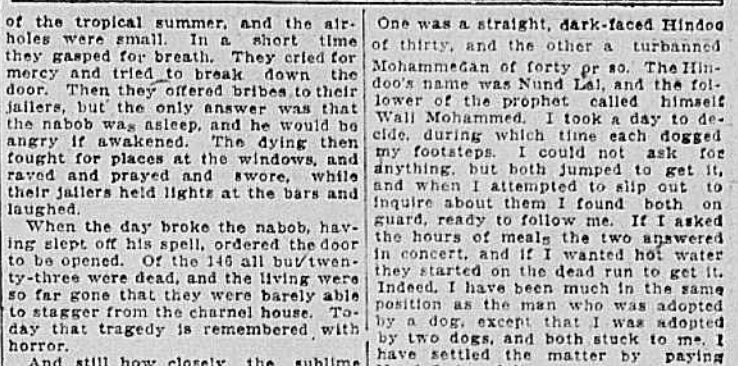


# Danderine



THE POST-OFFICE. OUTSIDE THIS WAS THE FAMOUS "BLACK HOLE."



AT THE JUTE MILLS.

st hell. The plains below his honorable residence quarters.

and Hindoo sailors and waiters. The cabin stewards were dark-faced, heavy bearded men of forty, who wore black velvet caps, white gowns, which reached to their knees, and tight white cotton drawers, below which their black bare feet showed. The dinner waiters were white Bengalese hats with bands of blue ribbon, and their gowns were belted in at the waist with blue ropes as thick as my waist. It was hot all the way up the Bay of Bengal, and the air of the salon was kept cool by a punkah, a long screen so hung from

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The Black Hole is a monument to one of the most terrible tragedies of the Unrest of India 150 years ago. The nabob, or native ruler ordered the incarceration of these victims and the drank himself off to sleep. The 14 British who were thrown in were

One was a straight, dark-faced Hindoo of thirty, and the other a turbaned Mohammedan of forty or so. The Hindoo's name was Nund Lal, and the follower of the Prophet was called Hama Walli Mohammed. I took a day to decide, during which time each dogged my footsteps. I could not ask for anything, but both jumped to get it, and when I attempted to slip out to inspect the place, they would stand guard, ready to follow me. If I asked the hours of meal, the two answered in concert, and if I wanted hot water they started on the dead run to get it. Indeed, I have been much in the same way with the women who are adopted by a dog, except that a woman has two dogs, and both stuck to me. I have settled the matter by paying

Nund Lal a dollar and by appointing Walid Mohammed my valet.

On the 12th of March, Rangoon, on the British-India steamer, the ship was one of 3,000 tons, with English officers and Hindoo sailors and waiters. The cabin stewards were dark-faced, heavy bearded men of forty, who wore black velvet caps, white gowns, which reached to the knees, and white trousers, and ton drawers, below which their black bare feet showed. The dinner waiters wore white Bengalese hats with bands of blue ribbon, and their gowns were belted in at the waist with blue ropes of cotton. My maid, who was hot all the way up the Bay of Bengal, and the air of the salon was kept cool by a punkah, a long screen so hung from

the ceiling that it could be drawn back and forth. A black Malay did the work jerking the rope, twelve pulls with one hand and then changing and making twelve pulls with the other. The dishes were washed in a bucket on deck, the plates being swabbed off

We were several days on the Bay of Bengal. The water was indigo until we reached the mouths of the Ganges. These extend for a hundred

miles up and down the coast and they vomit forth so much silt that it turns the ocean to gruel. I took a bath when we reached the pilot brig, about a hundred miles from Calcutta, and upon draining the tub my footprints were as plain in the mud as those which

The slit of the Ganges is as great as that of the Nile. It is said to be five times as much as that of the Mississippi-Missouri, amounting to hundreds of millions of tons every year. It builds up great bars along the shore, and

**A High-Paid Monopoly.**  
The pilots of Calcutta are a close corporation. There are only fifty-two of them, and they monopolize the Gan- ges, or rather, the Hooghly, for it is

on the roughly branch of the delta that the ships go up to the city. The trade of the river amounts to more than a hundred million dollars a year, and there is a procession of boats always going up and coming down. The men receive various wages, the best

To belong to this association one must have a first mate's certificate and must have passed through his apprenticeship. He spends five years at low wages learning the river, and then graduates in the full rank of pilot. The Hoosierly cannot be navigated at

night and the ships go in with the tides. As the latter rise there is often a bore which reaches as much as seven feet, so that the risks are great. Millions in Jute.

As we coasted the shores of the Hooghly we passed jungles infested

with tigers. The land is low and malarious and wild beasts roam in it at will. A little farther up the houses begin, and palm trees are frequent. The population grows more and more dense, and then comes a region of mighty jute mills. On each side of the stream tall smokestacks vomit black

volumes into the sky and near them are enormous brick structures where the rough bagging for all mankind is made. Calcutta ships vast quantities of jute to the United States, and much of our cotton crop is baled in cloth made here on the banks of the Hoogh-

ly. A few years ago we were taking more than 60 per cent. of the product and to-day the thousands of Hindoos working this fibre are dependent upon us for their wages. There are now two score jute mills in India and the jute annually produced is worth about \$60,000,000. There are cotton factories

The stream is filled with shipping. Ocean steamers heavily loaded are going in and out with the tide. The

trade of Calcutta is worth hundreds of millions, and a large part of the commerce of the empire passes this way. Its total foreign trade is the greatest of any country of Asia, the imports and exports now amounting to more than \$1,200,000,000 and growing more and more every year.

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